

THE GREEN CALDRON

A Magazine of Freshman Writing



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The committee in charge of this issue of THE GREEN CALDRON includes MAURICE CRANE, IRIS MUELLER, RAYMOND O'NEILL, BENJAMIN SOKOLOFF, ROBERT STEVENS, HARRIS WILSON, AND GEORGE CONKIN, Chairman.



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The "David"

R. LARRY SLANKER

Rhetoric 101, Theme 8

I THINK I WAS FIRST ATTRACTED BY ITS SIZE. I HAD BEEN rather aimlessly wandering through the museum from one exhibit to another when I suddenly came upon an enormous sculptured head. There was a defiant frown on the white immobile face as though I had trespassed where I had no right to be.

For several minutes I stood there in awe. The stern look and massive weight seemed to have some strange power over me. I think for a moment I experienced the same primitive emotion that allowed our ancestors to worship graven images. The godlike features of the face were noble and simple. The carved locks of the hair crowned the head in flamelike profusion. The wrinkled brow revealed a mind intense upon meeting a foe. The tenseness of the lips and eyes hinted that perhaps there was some consternation along with the determination.

At first, I had supposed it to be the bust of some Greek god. It looked familiar to me, but I was unable to identify it in my mind. Upon closer investigation I discovered a photograph of the original in its entirety. I then recognized it as a replica of the head from Michelangelo's marble "David." It was apparent from the picture that the plaster cast suffered in reproduction, but enough of the likeness of the original remained to give me some idea of the mastery of that great sculptor. I had seen this piece of sculpture pictured many times before, but until then I had had no conception of its true proportions. I had previously supposed it to be nearer life-size. It now appeared to me to be more of a Goliath than a David.

However, the size was not the only aspect that troubled my mental image of the Biblical David. I had always thought of him as being a slight romantic youth who, through an act of God, had been able to kill a giant with a mere sling. But here was a young man who visibly had the potential strength to accomplish such a feat without divine aid. The only indications that he had not yet reached full maturity were his somewhat oversized hands and head. The countenance and noble bearing denoted a mind beyond its years. The seemingly relaxed body was betrayed by the tenseness of the face.

This was not the Jewish boy hero of the Bible but that of a more universal picture of youth preparing to meet a challenge. Perhaps the sculptor was saying that youth has the potentialities to overcome problems which seem insurmountable and that youth must have not only faith in God but also the personal strength and force of spirit to win the battle, whether it be physical or moral. The "David" of Michelangelo was such a youth.

Lucia and Lucy

CORLISS E. PHILLABAUM

Rhetoric 102, Theme 7

ONE OF THE BEST-LOVED OF ALL ITALIAN OPERAS IS Donizetti's *Lucia di Lammermoor*. This opera is an adaptation of Sir Walter Scott's novel, *The Bride of Lammermoor*, which was based on an incident in Scottish history. A comparison between the two works shows the different forms which the same story can take when it is presented in different art-forms.

Of course, in his novel Scott was really more concerned with his setting than with his plot. The book abounds with minute historical detail, and its characterizations are obviously designed to give an insight into the people of the period rather than to make them participants in the story. In spite of this attention to setting, Scott's characters do work in the story well, with one exception. The character of Caleb Balderstone, servant to Edgar, seems to have intrigued the author and he devotes undue attention to his escapades. This seriously impedes the plot. Significantly, this character does not appear in the opera, a fact which illustrates the necessity of plot simplification in a dramatic presentation of a story.

The important factors in both versions are the motivations of the plot. In both, Lucy and Edgar fall in love, meet insurmountable obstacles to their union, and find death the only solution to their troubles. In a general way, the insurmountable difficulties are the same. However, certain important differences appear. The most obvious of these is the absence of Lucy's parents in the opera, whereas they play a vital role in the novel. Instead, in the opera we find only Lucy's brother. Actually, the reason for this change was the same as the reason for the omission of Caleb. There is much delicate interplay between the parents in the novel which could not be effectively presented on the stage. Thus, the important actions of both characters are given to the one character of the brother. This again shows the need for simplification. The total effect of each method amounts to the same thing: Lucy's family prevents her marriage to Edgar and forces her into the ill-fated marriage with Lord Arthur Bucklaw. In addition to the action being the same for these characters, the motive is the same—ambition. On the stage it is made a little more apparent by having her brother in desperate financial straits, while in the novel it is a case of political ambition on the part of the mother, but the general idea is the same.

Several minor characters, such as Old Alice, Raymond, and Norman hold slightly different positions in the two works, but these positions do not alter the basic plot line or any of its significant details.

The other really obvious difference between the two works lies in the endings. It appears at first glance as though Donizetti had completely changed the ending and thus the whole idea of the story. This, however, is not the case. Despite the fact that he makes Edgar commit suicide after Lucy's death, whereas Scott kills him off in quicksand, the basic ending is the same. A duel is arranged between Edgar and Lucy's brother which is averted by the death of Edgar. The basic cause of death is the same; in the opera he commits suicide on learning of Lucy's death, while in the novel his distraction over the situation causes him to ride blindly into the quicksand. The difference is a purely mechanical one.

Despite its dull excursions with Caleb, Scott's book has somewhat of an edge over the opera in the matter of quality. Parts of *Lucia* are rather superficial or of mediocre value. However, it has the edge on the novel as far as present day popularity goes. Donizetti's work has many beautiful melodies and contains several moments of genuine dramatic quality, and is, therefore, well-loved by opera fans the world over. On the other hand, the greater age of the novel makes it rather dry reading for people today in this age of speed. Nonetheless, each is, in its own way and field, a masterpiece of a great artist.

You Can't Go Home Again

LEONARD ZAPINSKI

Rhetoric 102, Theme 5

IT STANDS TO REASON THAT ANY WORK OF FICTION MUST have some plot—if nothing more than a figurative hall tree on which to drape the fine clothes of narration, characterization, and moral, among other things. An intricate and fascinating plot adds tremendously to the reading enjoyment of the majority of the various authors' works. However, in entering Thomas Wolfe's hallway of literature, a visitor would scarcely notice the insignificant, perfectly simple hall trees of his plots alone.

It is the sight of the breathtaking raiment which hangs on that tree that attracts the reader of Thomas Wolfe; raiment such as the wonderful display of an extensive literary and vernacular vocabulary which educates in itself; the perfect characterizations which run the gamut from that of a Brooklynese bystander to that of a cultured society couple of fine means; the vivid description of scenes; and lastly, the free flow of narration and mental expression.

These qualities are abundant in any of Wolfe's books, but especially so in *You Can't Go Home Again*, his latest published novel. It has a plot, yes; George Webber, a young writer from North Carolina, acquires a localized notoriety in his home town, owing to his profession and selection of material

for his first book. George Webber visits his home town after a prolonged absence and later decides on a trip abroad.

That is the plot, without complications and not very novel. But after reading only the first three printed pages, I became so profoundly interested that I wrote at the bottom of the page, "This man Wolfe is good! I'm going to enjoy this book immensely."

To separate the author's style, characterization, description, and philosophical tendencies would be impossible. The obvious fact that the book is semi-autobiographical imparts an intimate feeling to the reader; thus, to speak merely of literary style, neglecting the laying bare of the lives in various strata of society, would be sacrilegious. Each chapter is almost a complete short story in itself. One could read a single chapter and have his vocabulary enriched or sharply renewed by more than ten words, and after reading this chapter, this person would indeed wonder if this was the man who invented the adjective and the adverb and their uses in respective dependent clauses.

Of particular worth is Wolfe's characterization of Mrs. Esther Jack, the confident, self-satisfied and capable career woman who admires George Webber; of Foxhall Edwards, a shrewd publishing editor, whose knowledge of human nature and behind-the-scenes insight is a revelation to a staid reader who would pass up a "commonplace" news item; of the German, Helig; the Dutchman, Bendien; the girl, Dorothy; and the hardboiled hatcheck girl.

Wolfe is the type of writer who could set a scene in a railroad station, and before half the description had been read, the reader would be inhaling the pungent locomotive fumes, hearing the incessant, overall murmur of crowd noises, seeing the time on the station clock, and visualizing the displays of the concessionaries.

Fine examples of this art are the dialogue and descriptive narration of an apartment house fire, a suicide's leap, and a search of a European trans-continental train by Nazi authorities.

George Webber, and, therefore, Thomas Wolfe, is a cynic, a detached observer of personalities and human events. Wolfe aptly expresses the philosophy of a fatalist who is motivated by a throbbing desire to do everything there is to do, to see everything there is to see, to feel and know everything there is to feel and know in the world before death's oblivion folds over him.

Style, description, portrayal of various levels of society, satirical and philosophical studies—what more can a reader ask? All are present in a Wolfe novel, particularly *You Can't Go Home Again*.

Intelligent College Students Should be Deferred

LEONA ROBBINS
Rhetoric 102, Theme A

IN CHOOSING TO SUPPORT THE PRO SIDE OF THIS ARGUMENT, I realize that I am coming to the defense of an action that is already a *fait accompli*. The colleges and universities have begun to administer examinations, the purpose of which is to separate, on the intellectual level, the "chaff" from the "grain." I am not sure, but I believe that the results of these tests are already being used in determining the status of draft candidates. Nevertheless, I should like to present my reasons for my belief that this action is a just and proper one.

First, I would like to make reference to the moral implications; in advocating the deferment of intelligent college students I do not thereby underwrite war as the necessary solution to international conflict. On the contrary, I consider the fact that the nations of the world still rush into rearmament races as the deplorable evidence of the lack of achievement and advancement we have made in the field of international statesmanship.

That is another province and another problem, however. I think the realist, no matter how idealistic he may be, must accept the fact that for better or worse, the United States is rearming and rebuilding its armed forces for what may eventually become a costly and prolonged struggle. More and more money is being appropriated for the research into and the expansion of more modern, more deadly and more complicated weapons (by the term weapons I mean everything from the gun the infantryman will carry to the huge bombers, airplane carriers and radar-detecting units). While we engage ourselves in this manner, other nations through fear are bent on like activities—in other words, the race is on!

It is obvious by the nature of the problem that one of the most important ingredients of our efforts will be intelligent, competent, skilled men—men who will be capable of understanding and directing still further research and still more complex units of machinery. If we draft indiscriminately, we run the risk of losing our reserve of those youths whom we will need in ever-increasing numbers as the race gathers momentum. To some, the implication of the deferment of our most intelligent young men is that the less intelligent are being penalized or used as cannon fodder. But would we not be wasting the greatest contribution that those with high I. Q.'s could make if we denied them the opportunity to finish their studies, so that in the future we could use

the results of their mature knowledge? And are we not, in the final analysis, protecting the interests of those who have to participate actively in combat by encouraging the development of those whose talents and skills will be used to develop the weapons and techniques to shorten or to avert the conflict we fear?

Interested Youth Can Solve Paris' Problem

THOMAS NELSON HARVEY
Rhetoric Placement Theme

A STRANGER PASSING THROUGH PARIS, ILLINOIS, MY home town, would see a thriving community of ten-thousand residents and would conclude from all appearances that Paris is a very progressive city. However, progress is sadly lacking here; Paris has not taken advantage of available resources which could make it prosper and grow.

Although there are a few factories—a broom company, an advertising goods manufacturer, a truck body firm, a shoe factory, and a drill company—there could be many more. Three railroad lines, three bus lines, four highways, and numerous trucking companies which serve Paris make it an excellent transportation center; there are many possible roadside and railside sites for factories which lie vacant and unused; Paris is close, yet not too close, to such cities as Chicago, Saint Louis, and Indianapolis. Thus, good transportation facilities, excellent building sites, and convenient location make up Paris' qualifications for growth through industrial development.

One thing, however, is lacking; it is the will or spirit of the people. They allow themselves to be misled by certain selfish factory owners. Having paid low wages for many years, these factory owners do not want new industries with higher wages to come into Paris and force them to pay better salaries. The Paris Chamber of Commerce is controlled by these so-called leaders of industry, and all attempts of manufacturing concerns to enter Paris are somehow thwarted. Perhaps the people allow themselves to be duped because many of them are retired farmers, contented with things as they now exist. But that the merchants of Paris have a similar attitude is not easy to understand. Although they should welcome new industry and an increased population which would bring increased business with it, these drug, department, and clothing store operators sit idly by, watching industry fight industry.

This is, indeed, a very unfruitful situation for all of Paris except the home-town factory owners. In order to remedy this malady, a new interest in Paris must be instilled in its citizens. This must be an interest in Paris as a growing,

progressive city, not just as a nice, quiet place in which to live and spend one's old age. Paris must look to its youth for such spirit, and this youth must recognize its duty—to bring Paris to the state of progress parallel to that of its neighboring cities. Youth must take control of the affairs of the Chamber of Commerce in order to promote rather than to prohibit the growth of Paris. Industrial growth means growth in all other fields—population, gross income of merchants, and, of course, importance and influence. This growth should turn the passive attitude of Paris' citizens into a lively spirit favoring the progress of their city.

Thus, it must be renewed spirit incited by youth spurring on industrial growth which will enable Paris to take full advantage of its opportunities to grow and prosper and to act as it appears to tourists—progressive.

An Interesting Hobby

HUGH DAVISON

Rhetoric 101, Theme A

DARK WATER AND A COLD, GRAY FOG. A JAGGED COAST and desolation. High upon the tallest cliff he stands—Davison, the hunter, a tawny carcass at his feet. Through the dank Scottish crags the kilted chieftain has stalked a mountain lion, and now—home to breakfast.

The hound dogs howl. A shot rings out. There on the Texas plain he stands—Davison, the hunter, a wild fox bleeding at his feet, and now—home to breakfast.

These are my ancestors. Their blood is my blood, and it is only natural that I, like they, am a hunter. However, I am a hunter, not of the cumbersome mountain lion or the wild fox, but the golf, the ferocious white golf, the thing with the speed of the gazelle, the deception of the fox, and the smashing power of the stallion. These things are pursued desperately until they are overtaken and then the golf is bludgeoned mercilessly with long steel clubs. These beatings continue until the golf is finally forced to retreat into a small hole in the ground. The average hunter can subdue his prey and drive him into this hole with only three or four beatings. However, I find this very difficult because of the extremely peculiar reactions the golf has to being hunted. These strange little things, when being pursued, will endeavor to slither off into clumps of high weeds and lie completely silent until all the danger of a hunter nearby has passed. They have also been known to attempt self-burial in huge sand pits or to drown themselves in ponds. Some have even been known to climb trees to escape their pursuers. However, this wild stamina and determination to remain unconquered is what has drawn many men to hunt the golf.

If on some dismal afternoon, you think that you might enjoy going out on a golf hunt, there are two places where the little white demons are quite abundant. One of these is just opposite the southeast corner of the stadium, and the other is out on Route 45, near Savoy.

At heart every man is a hunter. That is why golf hunting is such a satisfying hobby for the modern man.

A Town That Needs to Relax

JO ANN DAVIDSON
Rhetoric Placement Exam

MY HOME TOWN, MONTICELLO, ILLINOIS, NEEDS TO relax and to enjoy life. The main problem in Monticello is over-organization. Although the population of the town is only two thousand five hundred, there are over thirty active civic organizations now functioning. Instead of bringing pleasure and recreation, as should be expected, this over-abundance of clubs brings only general chaos and dissatisfaction.

Because there are so many worthwhile organizations that the people must give their time to, no one can give enough time to one certain job to do really well in it. The same small group of people rush from one activity to another, doing a little here, a little there. Monticelloans have their fingers in so many pies that they really get just a tiny taste of each of them.

A solid citizen's weekly activity schedule would look something like this: Sunday—Church Officers' Meeting; Monday—Community Club Dinner; Tuesday—Downtown Sages Meeting; Wednesday—Rotary Club; Thursday—P. T. A.; Friday—Chamber of Commerce Meeting; Saturday—Masonic Lodge. And then, of course sandwiched in between all the very important regular meetings are the numerous committee meetings and special planning get-togethers.

You will find in Monticello just about every club that exists: D. A. R., Woman's Club, Rotary, W. C. T. U., church organizations, Masons, Elks, Eastern Star, Boy Scouts, Girl Scouts, 4-H, three P. T. A.'s, Chamber of Commerce, Community Club, School Clubs, and Bar Association. The list could go on and on. But there is one very important group that Monticelloans have neglected to organize lately. That is the Family Group.

Families in my home town just aren't as tightly knit as they should be. The reason for this can be traced directly to the over-exaggerated importance of clubs and organizations outside the home. Sometimes members of the family may not even see each other all day, except for the few minutes when everyone runs home for a bite to eat before running off again for a meeting. Life in Monticello has become all dash and no rest. The speed of living has

kept getting faster and faster until now things are whirring away at a mad rate. This fast way of life is not good for peace of mind.

Each person in Monticello needs to take mental stock of just what he is accomplishing. I believe the results would astound some of the organizers. They would see that all the trouble that arises in the work of clubs is because of lack of honest interest in the club. Too many people are "joiners" and not enough are "doers."

I believe that if every Monticelloan would limit himself to two or three clubs, he would lead a much happier, more peaceful life. It's not good to be on the go all of the time. If one is constantly on the run trying to get too much done, he will end up getting nothing done. What's more, he will get no enjoyment out of life.

My home town needs to organize a Family Club. The club should meet at least three evenings a week. All members of the club would have to be present to make the club work. The place of the meeting should be the home. The purpose of the club: To Help Monticello Relax.

A Day I Will Remember

TONI HRIBAL
Rhetoric 101, Theme A

THE ARENA IS FILLED TO CAPACITY BY THE TUMULTUOUS crowd as tense chatter and unsuppressed excitement dominate the scene. Upon a given signal the band strikes a chord and taciturnity reigns over the multitude. The bullfight is about to begin, and once more the drama of life versus death is to be enacted before the audience. Two massive doors at the periphery of the arena are opened to permit the parade procession to pass forth.

The constable of the event, mounted on a prancing steed, leads this procession while directly behind him, on foot, follow the matadors, picadors, and banderillos that comprise the cast in this barbaric display of skill.

Attired in costumes of heavy metallic brocades and brilliant silks, they serve as an excellent illustration of the pomp and pageantry that is identified with bullfighting. Soft kid slippers, similar to those of a ballet dancer, serve as shoes and thus enable the *torreo*, or bullfighter, to master the gracefulness and agility that are so important in the arena. The small black cap cocked on the *torreo*'s head scarcely belies the inner turmoil he must feel as he goes forth to meet Death's emissary.

The procession advances to the box of the president of the *correa*, or bullfight, the constable secures permission to begin the event, and the procession disappears once more behind the doors, accompanied by the strains of the primitive music. The silence is ominous.

Then the *torro*, or bull, charges into the arena. He is a fierce beast of magnificent stature and his eager horns and savage hoofs match his anger.

The picador, el torro's first opponent, rides into the arena, mounted on a heavily-padded horse. He endeavors to maneuver the bull into such a position as to use his long lance to lacerate the neck of the bull. His task accomplished, he retires from the arena, frequently minus his mount.

The maddened bull is then faced by another opponent—the banderillo, who is on foot. This man's sole protection consists of the two long, barbed darts he holds in either hand, which he must plunge into the bull's neck. The banderillo's skill and survival depend entirely upon his agility. As the angered bull charges him, the banderillo jumps aside at the last possible moment and thrusts the barbs deep into the bull as he thunders by. He repeats this daring performance twice. The matador himself is next on the scene. Immaculately attired, he carries a pink cape with which to torment the bull. The bull charges viciously at the cape and the man, only to be confronted by empty space as the man steps gracefully aside from the enraged bull. The matador displays his perfected turns and *veronicas* to the applause of the crowd, the ovation increasing to match his daring. This contest nears its climax as the matador exchanges his pink cape for one the color of blood-red, thus signaling the audience of his intention to kill the bull. He carries a *muelta*, or sword, beneath the cape and proceeds to entice the bull into charging him. As the bull races past, the matador thrusts his sword to the hilt into the bull's neck, attempting to strike the heart. If his thrust is perfect, the sword will pierce the bull's heart and kill him instantly. If not, the matador must try again.

The matador is not always the victor, but death is never to be cheated as man and beast vie for superiority.

The bullfight, with its primitive savagery, pomp and splendor, background color, and dangerous atmosphere, constitutes a day that I shall always remember.

* * *

Sitting on the edge of the pier, I gazed in wonder at the sight that was unfolding before me. The sun, a glowing bronze spotlight, was passing over the trees, and a tensed, expectant audience was waiting for a show to begin. A slight breeze was blowing the cotton-candy clouds to the evening shadows. Suddenly, the breeze stopped. The spotlight went out. There was a mantled hush over everything. The main attraction was about to commence. Slowly, one by one, the stars like ballerinas flashed into the arena of the sky. Each one did her own dance as she moved across the stage. Almost without warning, as if from nowhere, a prima ballerina appeared to do her dance of the night. She moved slowly, leaving a trail of silver in her path. She glided into the darkness only to emerge again more beautiful than ever. Slowly, the stage began to light up once again, and the prima ballerina faded from view as gracefully as she came. The show was over. Dawn had come.—MARLENE KIMBARK, 102.

Japanese Views on the American Occupation in Japan

RYOSO SUNOBE
Rhetoric 101, Theme 11

"WHAT DO THE JAPANESE PEOPLE THINK OF THE American occupation?" is a question which has been frequently addressed to me since my arrival in the United States. The answer comprises various aspects and facts. My subject in this short paper, however, is confined to some critical views which are generally expressed among the Japanese people on the American occupation in Japan. It is to be noted in this connection that remarkable achievements, particularly social reforms in the feudalistic agricultural society, which have been attained only through the guidance and assistance of the occupation authorities, are being highly appreciated by the Japanese people. It is to be added consequently, for the sake of giving a correct picture of the Japanese feeling, that their critical views are always accompanied by expressions of appreciation for the occupation authorities.

No one would ever deny in Japan today that the personal relation between the occupation forces and the Japanese people has been maintained in a remarkably friendly manner. American GI's have shown excellent conduct. There are, of course, some exceptions such as drunkenness, wild driving, and a few cases of burglary. The exceptions, however, are amazingly few in number. I do not hesitate to state that the occupation forces have succeeded in establishing an unshakable sense of friendship among the Japanese people toward the Americans.

In the course of these five years, the primary objective of the occupation has manifestly shifted from the initial one of destroying the militaristic Japan to the second one of constructing a politically and economically stabilized Japan. The occupation authorities have, on various occasions, revealed that the destruction of the militaristic and ultranationalistic regime in Japan has been completed. In its place, the "democratization," the revamping of practically all aspects of the Japanese society along the democratic, or, to put it more specifically, the American line, is what is being pursued.

The unanimous cooperation which the Japanese people extended to occupation authorities in the first stage of the occupation was largely a reflection of their disillusionment in their once glorious and seemingly trustworthy national leaders and their government. Being disgusted with the suffocatingly rigorous regimentation and control by the war-time government

that failed to make good its promises in spite of the tremendous sacrifices on the part of the people, the Japanese were willing to cooperate with the occupation authorities in eliminating the militaristic and the ultranationalistic institutions and practices. As the second stage sets in, however, the Japanese people have become divided. As for the future course of Japan, they do not always concur with the recommendations and suggestions of the occupation authorities. To do away with the past is one thing; to plan for the future is another.

The general feeling among the Japanese people regarding the American democratization policy is, in brief, that the democratic institutions and practices of the present American pattern are, in some respects, unworkable in Japan, although they agree in principle to the democratic way of living. Social and economic backgrounds are too different in both countries. This point, however, needs further elucidation.

When the war ended, the Japanese people, utterly exhausted both physically and morally and living in a completely dislocated society, looked forward, first of all, to the restoration of stability in their daily life. They had been aspiring for a principle which would replace the militaristic nationalism and, at the same time, which would tend to unite the worn-out country again as a coherently functioning unit. And what they got was the democracy as interpreted in the light of the present prosperous United States. Personal freedom, individual rights, and other *individual* aspects of democracy were the keynote of the democracy as expounded by the occupation authorities.

Democracy is, indeed, based upon the principle of individual liberty. At the same time, however, it calls undeniably, I believe, for faithful execution by each person of his responsibilities and duties to the whole society. Excessive stress on either one of the *individual* or the *collective* aspects of the democracy will bring about an unbalanced society. In a chaotic period, the latter aspect must be more emphasized than the former, because, otherwise, the society cannot maintain the minimum basis of a society worth the name.

The Japanese people, supplied with the individualistic version of the democracy and lacking sufficient background to assimilate it in its entirety within a short period of time, talked only about their egoistic rights, indulged in the pursuit of their selfish happiness, and forgot about their duties, responsibilities, and sacrifices due to the other people. The transitory chaos is subsiding now. But some Japanese still wonder whether the democracy of the American pattern as it is now is necessarily the only way for the Japanese people to attain the ideal society where individual liberty is well balanced with each person's consciousness of his duties to the whole society.

Financial difficulty involved in putting the democratization plan into practice is another problem. The occupation authorities, it sometimes seems to the Japanese people, have unwisely shown too much haste in introducing the current American institutions into Japan all at one time. Essential

reforms, the Japanese people certainly understand, must be carried out by all means. Nevertheless, it cannot be denied that the post-war financial chaos has been further aggravated by some revampings which were apparently inconsequential, which could have been postponed, or which exceeded the depleted financial resources of the Japanese communities. Too hasty overdosing of democracy, it is sincerely feared, might result in wearied resignation on the part of the Japanese people that the democratic society is, after all, utterly out of their reach financially, an outcome just contrary to the expectation.

Skepticism of the Japanese people, particularly among the educated people, over the economic free-competition principle advocated by the occupation authorities is another point to be referred to here. Rightly or wrongly, the principle is considered to be outmoded and does not appeal to them. It connotes to them something which neglects mercilessly the interests of the social underdogs to the advantage of the well-to-do class. The American free competition is certainly not the *laissez-faire* of the nineteenth century pattern. The advantage of free competition is obviously enormous, too. It must not be forgotten, however, that, under the prevailing economic situations in Japan, any loser in the competition is literally doomed to be starved to death. Economic planning to a much wider extent than in the United States is primarily essential in Japan for no other reason than for the sake of maintaining the minimum degree of social justice. The urgent necessity to accumulate capital out of the current low national income makes it imperative to manage the national economy under a comprehensive planning.

The impact of the free-competition principle upon the restoration of well-balanced world trade is another subject of concern among the Japanese people, whose economic rehabilitation is predominantly dependent upon the prosperity of their foreign trade. The post-war world has disclosed complete disintegration of the pre-war world trade pattern. Soviet Russia and her satellites have secluded themselves behind the iron curtain. Western European countries are intensifying the trade rivalry among themselves as their national economies recover. Asiatic nations are still involved in political and economic recovery. American advanced industrial and agricultural productivity far exceeds that in other countries. How can the world be organized again into a unit which would trade with mutual profit as in the former years? Would the free competition principle alone be sufficient to deal with the situations? Could it not be that a certain degree of economic planning on the world scale is the only way to bring about the equilibrium of world trade? This is what the Japanese people earnestly want to know for the sake of a stable economic future.

The criticisms of the occupation policy, should they be constructive, are, I believe, far from being inimical to the interests of the occupying country. Under the prolonged occupation, however, the critical attitude easily turns to a bitter feeling toward the occupation. The occupational control over Japan has lately been markedly eased. Nevertheless, the occupation is the occupation, whose policy stands above the public criticism and attack by the Japanese

people. Irreparable discontent tends to brew cynicism and turns into passive resistance which will easily be taken advantage of by radical demagogues.

In this connection, a remark should be made regarding the administrative caliber of the occupation officers in the lower echelons. Those on the policy-making level are certainly all men of experience and knowledge. It is, however, the working-level officers who give directions and make suggestions to the Japanese government in daily execution of the occupation policy. They have, in fact, tremendous authority in determining the course of Japan in the future. Most of them are experts in a line of business. But not all of them are. Some of them are apparently only insufficiently qualified to give guidance to the Japanese people in the second, constructive stage of the occupation. No one questions their sincerity. But their strenuous efforts, it must be observed, have sometimes resulted in alienating the Japanese people in spite of, or perhaps because of, their hearty sincerity and good intention to re-educate the Japanese people.

Should the choice be between the United States and Soviet Russia, the Japanese people are willing, I am confident, to stand on the American side. A majority of them feel antagonistic to Soviet Russia, which, it seems, is shrouded in something enigmatic. The Russian failure to account for the Japanese prisoners of war, exceeding 300,000 not yet repatriated from that country, has definitely alienated the Japanese people from the Russian cause, except for a handful of the Communists. The Japanese people are also convinced that, in view of the American industrial potentials, the United States would emerge victorious in case of a fight with Soviet Russia. The main reason, however, that they believe in the American cause is that the American democratic principle would permit Japan to follow the course which the Japanese people would choose by themselves. They have expected and still expect that by siding with the United States, they can recover their political freedom, both domestic and international, within a shorter period and to a wider extent.

Permitted to act freely, they do not intend, I believe, to deviate from the democratic line. They are also aware that allied political supervision must continue after the conclusion of the peace treaty. They realize, too, that the establishment of American military bases in Japan is necessary for their own safety as well as unavoidable because of the prevailing international tension. They want, however, to restore the basic freedom to work out their own future with their own hands.

Rearmament of Japan is causing deep concern among the Japanese people. Being under the military occupation, however, the Japanese people have no final voice in deciding the problem. All policy decisions come ultimately from the occupation authorities. The problem of rearmament, though critical to the Japanese people, is, to put it in a cynical way, other countries' business, not theirs. Their lukewarm attitude toward the rearmament, in spite of their knowledge of the unpropitious development of events in their neighboring area,

is partly due to their earnest, if naive, desire to remain neutral, but primarily attributable to their apprehension that the rearmament, if not accompanied with full recovery of their political freedom, might be utilized only for the purpose of picking chestnuts out of the fire for the interests of other countries.

Restoration of the peace as expeditiously as possible, even excluding Soviet Russia and her followers, was, I am convinced, the only way to deter the Japanese people from falling into cynical apathy. Let them have their free-hand both internally and diplomatically! They will prove themselves to be an active and enthusiastic member on the democratic front in the world alignment today.

Don't Outlaw the Communists

JENNIS BAPST

Rhetoric 102, Theme A

LAST JULY, SOON AFTER THE SUPREME COURT HANDED down its decision to uphold the conviction of eleven prominent communists under the Smith Act, Ernest K. Lindley, chief of *Newsweek's* Washington bureau, in an interview with Attorney General J. Howard McGrath, asked bluntly how far the Justice Department intended to extend its prosecutions under the Smith Act. Mr. McGrath answered, "We do not intend to tip our hand. We have already obtained indictments against twenty-one communists in the so-called 'second echelon.' We will prosecute others who continue to carry on the conspiracy." Legally this was the conspiracy to teach the violent overthrow of the government, but actually, as Mr. McGrath indicated in that same interview, the conspiracy in question was the Communist party.

Mr. McGrath's last statement in that interview, "We will prosecute others who continue to carry on the conspiracy," reflects the view of many people, congressmen, and state legislators on how to meet the Communist threat in the United States. Ask the man on the street. He will tell you that the only way to get rid of communism is to lock up or to deport all communists. Look at the bills which have been and are being offered in Congress and in state legislatures: the Mundt-Ferguson Anti-subversive Bill, the McCarran Bill, Maryland's Ober Law, and the Illinois Broyles Bill. All of these are directed toward virtually outlawing the Communist Party. But is this the only way to combat communism, and, more important, is it the most effective way? Let us see.

The main objection which democratic people hold against communism is its subjugation of the individual to the state with the attendant loss of freedom

of thought, speech, and action. Democracy advocates the subjugation of the state to the individual, thus leaving thought, speech, and action free. Inherent and basic in the democratic ideals is the right of the individual to his own opinion and his right to publish and speak that opinion. Take the case of a political dissenter in Russia as compared with a similar one in the United States. In Russia any individual who speaks against the state is immediately arrested and imprisoned as an enemy of the state, but in the United States such a dissenter should be allowed to speak and to publish his opinions. By outlawing the Communist party we are in effect limiting the freedom of all communists. Therefore, we are hypocritically destroying one of the basic precepts of democracy.

Moreover, the Communist party gains more than it loses by being outlawed. First, it gains two fine propaganda points. It can maintain, as has been pointed out, that democracy is hypocritical and must violate one of its basic precepts in order to defend itself against communism. Also, it may maintain that democracy is unable to meet criticism in order to stand. Second, communism gains a unity and a certain kind of glamour from being secret and underground. Third, from the fact that communism is outlawed, the people of the nation are lulled into a false sense of security. For example, if a group of outlawed communists went into a certain district and began their teachings, naturally they would be arrested. But since they would work secretly, it would be a time before they were discovered. In that time they could have converted many people into communists. If they were then arrested, they would appear as martyrs in the eyes of the converts. Moreover, no further effort would be made to refute the arguments of communism, for official opinion would consider the matter closed when the conviction was made. Thus, the converts would remain communists.

What then shall we do to meet the communist threat? Shall we let the communists run free? Yes, let them go free to publish their doctrines; then let us refute them and prove them wrong. Let them make their promises; then let us show that democracy has realized already the promises of communism. Let them hurl their accusations against democracy; then let us answer them and hurl back their accusations. John Stuart Mill in his essay "On the Liberty of Thought and Discussion" aptly proved that an opinion is only as true as its ability to withstand all attacks made upon it. Let us, therefore, show to the people of the United States and to the world the truth of the way of democracy by proving its ability to withstand any attack, communistic or otherwise, not by trying to stifle these attacks. Finally, let us heed the words of Illinois' Governor Adlai Stevenson as he said in his veto of the Broyles Bill, "We must fight traitors with laws. We already have the laws. We must fight falsehood and evil ideas with truth and better ideas. We have them in plenty. But we must not confuse the two."

Registration, Short Order

EMILY BROWN
Rhetoric 101, Theme A

EACH SEMESTER DURING REGISTRATION THE STUDENTS of the University of Illinois undergo an ordeal similar to that of the bread lines in England, 1945. The proceedings take place in the University Library, where a prospective student stands in a seemingly endless line, shifting his weight from a tired left foot to a tired right foot to some other tired foot behind him. When he finally reaches the head of the line, a registration clerk bobs up and gaily posts the neatly-lettered sign, ALL SECTIONS CLOSED. Hence, the footwork begins all over again.

This experience is enough to make any average freshman wake up shrieking and clutching at the bedsheet; and after several years of torture, the idiot senior shuffles mechanically from line to line muttering to himself and folding his IBM cards into little squares. But to the rebellious youth who refuses to submit to this semi-annual humiliation, I say, "Rise up! And square your shoulders! And stride to battle like 'Childe Roland about to fight the Paynim!'"

I have toyed with several ideas on how to "beat" the lines at registration. First of all, the direct and honest approach is simplest. If confronted by a particular line of staggering length, be nonchalant. With a polite, yet firm "Pardon me, please," step directly in front of the very first person in the line, present your cards to the clerk, tell him what section you want, pick up your class card, and walk away. However, this method takes a tremendous amount of courage and is recommended only for those who are made of strong "stuff."

In my second plan of making quick work of registration, the object is to keep up a steady flow, or even onrush, of conversation. Pretending to recognize the stranger standing second in line, rush up to him and with a hearty clap on the back engage him in a conversation that might sound something like this:

"Well, say! Hello there."

"What? Oh-hello."

"Gad, it's good to see you. I just said to myself, No, it can't be! But it is. It is. How've you been, kiddo?"

"Uh, er, fine, I guess."

"Great, great! Listen, try to guess this one. Why couldn't the animals play cards on the Ark?"

"Look here! I don't think I know y—"

"Of course you don't know. Because Noah was sitting on the deck. Haw! Good, huh?"

"Listen—"

"Yeh, listen. Here's a corker. Who was the greatest actor in the *Bible*? I'll tell you. It was Samson. He brought down the house!"

By this time, the person ahead of you is gone, and it is time for you to direct your full attention to the registration clerk. There is no need to worry about meeting your indignant "friend" in class; you will be neatly side-stepped the very first day.

A third method of "getting up" in a line is by pretending to be a registration clerk. By simple manipulation accompanied by appropriate remarks such as, "This section is closed from here on," or "The clerk over there will take care of you," the lines can be juggled about effectively. For instance, in lines A and B, move half of line A over to an empty space along the desk. Then move half of line B into the space left by Line A. By the time the others figure out what happened, you will be registered and on your way.

Lastly, a radical way of clearing the lines is by dashing about the library, arms flailing, and shouting, "Help! Fire! Fire!" No doubt the building will be almost instantly cleared, save for a few trampled bodies in the doorways; but there is also the probability that the registration clerks would be among the first to "leg" it for the nearest exit.

Of course, the only "sure-fire" answer to the question, "How can I beat the lines at registration?" is "Get a job; don't go to college!"

Come, Live Here

ELEANOR J. BUNTING

Rhetoric 102, Theme 4

MAGNOLIA, ILLINOIS, ALTHOUGH IT HAS A POPULATION of only 350, is the "best little village in the world."

Magnolia has one church (sparsely populated even on Sundays) and four taverns (densely populated even on Sundays). But the greatest amusement for the inhabitants of Magnolia comes from observing their fellow inhabitants. Let's walk down main street and see who is in town today.

Why, here comes Antone Brown. You remember my telling you about him. What did you say? Oh, yes, he is rather heavy. On his birthday he drinks a bottle of beer for every one of his seventy-three years.

There goes Dawson Hill, the town liar. He just came home from the hospital. He had to have an operation on his neck. His neck had been hurting him, so he took a knife and cut out the part that bothered him. No, he isn't very good looking, is he? Why yes, as a matter of fact, he has been married—seven times. Once he was sent to the state penal farm for bigamy. He was almost married eight times, but that time, after the arrangements were all made for the wedding, he sent his brother to bring his future bride to the

ceremony. On the way to the church, she decided to elope with the groom's brother, and Dawson never saw her again. Yes, Dawson has quite a reputation for his tales, too. He claims that he has a copy of the Declaration of Independence which Lincoln wrote on the train to Gettysburg.

That man across the street is Bert Miller, the town villain. He and his wife separated many years ago. He wants a divorce so that he can marry another woman, but his wife won't give him one. If he tries to sue for divorce, she has some papers which he once forged with her name, and she can bring charges against him for that.

Here comes Bess Williams. She is the most religious woman in the town. She is so religious that she won't even let sinners come into our church. Once the preacher's wife invited an ill-famed woman to come to church. The woman attended the services the next Sunday. Bess said that if she came again, they might as well never expect Bess to come back. We're lucky to have Bess. Not many communities can boast of having a woman that concerned over her church.

On our way back we mustn't forget to stop in to see Mr. Starck, the principal of our high school. He is known all over our county for his timely sayings. Once a mother was complaining to him about a grade which was given to her son. "I don't think my boy deserves an F," she protested. Mr. Starck quickly replied, "I don't think your boy deserves an F either, but that's the lowest we give."

No, Magnolia may not have much in the way of professional entertainment. We have no theaters, no skating rinks, no swimming pools. But for genuine characters, our town breaks all records. For actual entertainment, there's no place like a home-town.

One of The Men

JEANNE M. ECKLUND

Rhetoric 101, Theme 4

IN THE DAYS SINCE WORLD WAR II, THE TERM PARAPLEGIA is understood by the laity as well as by the medical profession. By definition, a paraplegic is a person who has incurred paralysis of both lower extremities usually through injury to the spinal cord. Probably the greatest publicity given these people was Stanley Kramer's recent movie, *The Men*, which portrays the story of paraplegic patients at the Veterans' Hospital at Birmingham, California.

I know well over two hundred of these patients through my experience as a nurse at the Veterans' Administration Hospital, Hines, Illinois, but Stanley Roberts is the one who is most outstanding in my memory. He is one of the two in this entire group who have learned to walk again, although neither

one has had return of normal function through repair of the injured nerves.

Mr. Roberts has a striking appearance as he strides down the hall in a four-point gait by means of bilateral leg braces and Canadian crutches. He is a tall young man, only twenty-nine, but he often appears older because of the fatigue caused by the great effort in walking in using only his arm and shoulder muscles to lift the weight of his body. Although he is not particularly handsome, his smile-wrinkled face, brown wavy hair, and mustache typify his character and personality. These physical characteristics show his good and yet determined nature.

Since he is from a relatively poor Chicago family, Mr. Roberts had to assume a great deal of responsibility during early life because of the illness of his father. Even though he was employed after classes, his high school scholastic record earned a University of Illinois scholarship for him. In three semesters' work, he accumulated two years' credit toward a degree in mechanical engineering. However, his educational career was interrupted by army service during World War II.

In the infantry Sergeant Roberts led his squad in Germany until in early April, 1945, when he was wounded for the third time. His final injury consisted of several pieces of shrapnel striking all over his body with one severing the spinal cord above the waist and another causing the removal of one kidney.

During the following years of convalescence and rehabilitation in both army and veterans' hospitals, Mr. Roberts' refusal to accept defeat has driven him to achievements acquired by very few with his handicap. This is truly exemplified by his desire and, later, by his ability to walk. He was so persistent in this desire that he would not go home on leave from the Army hospital until he could walk, and, to this day, his family has not seen him in a wheelchair.

After discharge from the hospital, he drove to California to attend the University of California at Los Angeles, where he was again an "A" student but he was forced to leave after one year because of a recurrent complicating illness. This return to the hospital and a consequent loss of over a year in time have not discouraged Mr. Roberts, but to some extent they have helped him finally to realize that he must exercise some caution in regard to endurance and activity.

Typical of his nature is his interest in other people and a desire to help them. He often aids in the rehabilitation of the more recently injured patients, especially by raising their hopes and ambitions toward walking again. His mental attitude and cheerfulness contagiously lift the morale of the entire ward, and patients and nurses who know him have great respect and admiration for Stanley Roberts. His most immediate plans are to obtain a new home for his aged parents, to finish his own education, and eventually to teach.

Without his handicap, Mr. Roberts would probably have been a very successful person by this time. However, knowing him quite well, I feel that with his determination and pride in self-achievement, Stanley Roberts, one of *The Men*, will continue his drive toward his ultimate goal.

Wit and Humor

ARLIE FENDER
Rhetoric 101, Theme 8

THE DICTIONARY TELLS US THAT WIT IS DERIVED FROM the Anglo-Saxon word of the same spelling. In its obsolete and archaic forms wit was used in the general sense to mean "activity of mind or intellectual power." Even if it is virtually out of use today this definition provides the base from which the word has expanded. When we say a person has lost his wits, we mean he has lost his power of mind, his reasoning, and his sense. A person in a sane condition is sometimes spoken of as having wits, meaning that he has a certain state of balance and soundness.

Another definition tells us that wit may mean practical good judgment and wisdom. Wit and wisdom are not related enough to merit wide acceptance of this definition. Wisdom is calm, composed, and sober; wit is quick, sharp, and laughable. Wisdom is the serene sea; wit is the gurgling mountain stream, plunging over a jagged waterfall.

The most popular definition of wit is "mental alertness, especially the capacity for humorous expression." This expression often takes the form of association between words and ideas distantly related so as to produce a comical effect. An unexpected turn is often the course of wit. Wit is helpless without ingenuity on the part of the receptor. Wit must be received swiftly without deep thought. Thought kills wit.

Finally, as a noun referring to the animate, the word means "anyone who is apt in the expression of felicitous ideas." The growth of wit has been by specialization from any intellectual power to a certain ability to arouse humor by the use of clever, sharp, and often bitter expressions.

The word humor is an exact duplication of the Latin noun *humor* meaning a moisture or fluid. In old physiology, humor was a "fluid or juice, especially one of the four fluids—blood, lymph, yellow and black bile—conceived as determining a person's health and temperament." Therefore, to ancient eyes, humor was one's disposition, state of mind, or mood. Since the mind is in a state of constant flux and uncertainty, the word came to mean a "whim or fancy." To many men fancy suggests the absurd and ridiculous. A fanciful person has one root on earth and the other dangling in space; hence he may seem humorous to the realist. Humor may signify a certain instability that is to be pitied. A fanciful person often can be intolerable. The most popular definition of humor today is "a quality that appeals to the sense of the ludicrous or absurdly incongruous." In other words, humor is laughable and amusing, but often ridiculous.

Wit and humor have several common usages. Both are expressions of a mental faculty. Both arouse sharp interest. Both provoke amusement. At this point the connotations tend to differ. There are suggestions in the pro-

nunciations of the words. The pronunciation of wit is sharp and unhesitant like the thrust of a dagger. The pronunciation of humor is more prolonged and drawn out like the effects of sweet wine.

Wit suggests swiftness; humor suggests a laughable steadiness. Wit is the flight of the swallow, humor that of a crow. Wit is the language of the jester while humor is the expression of the clown. Wit runs; humor walks.

Humor implies human kindness and sympathy. Wit has the suggestion of bitterness and disregard for the feelings. Wit is a purely mental product, free from love, generosity, and warmth. Wit is a sudden flash; humor, a steady glow. Love is the only thing that separates wit from humor. Without love, wit and humor would be indistinguishable.

Should the Anti-Vivisection Law Be Passed?

MARY SHINN

Rhetoric 102, Theme 5

MEDICINE FOR MANY THOUSANDS OF YEARS WAS LOST in the dark chasms of the unknown. The human body was thought to be composed of four elements or humors: blood, lymph, and black and yellow bile, simply because these or their imagined effects were disclosed when some poor creature suffered from a disease or wound. All cures were based upon these humors. Such dreadful practices as bleeding or leeching were imposed upon the patients. Little or no advance was made in medicine.

All work was based upon theory. Nothing was known about the human body; its parts and their functions were purely guess work. No living body was allowed to be examined without the consent of the immediate family. Because of this unfortunate practice, operations were performed by guess work and nearly always proved fatal.

The practice of vivisectioning or the use of living bodies for experimentation then came into use. By the use of animals, scientists were able to discover previous unknown functions and compositions of the human body. These animals used for research were given the very best of care. They were fed exceptionally well and were kept in clean living quarters. They were operated on only under the most sterile conditions. The operation instruments and rooms were the same as those used for human patients. Each animal was carefully anaesthetized. They could not feel even the most intense pain. After experimentation, those animals that were in good condition were allowed to live. They were given the very best of homes. Those that were not fit to maintain a normal life were quickly put to death.

The animals used in these experiments were those that were in pounds or those that no one wanted. As they would be put to death anyway, is it not better that they should be used to lessen the sufferings of human beings?

Through the use of vivisection, medicine advanced rapidly. When the part of the body affected by a disease was discovered, a cure could be more quickly found. Without vivisection medicine would still be in the dark ages. People would still be depending on medicine men to chant away the devils from their souls.

Now into influential positions in the world are creeping a vast number of men and women who wish to retard medicine. They call themselves anti-vivisectionists. "Humane treatment for animals" is their motto. "No more useless and merciless killing of our domestic pets," they contend. These anti-vivisectionists would like to do away with all experimentation on live animals. They believe that medicine has reached its peak; nothing more can be gained by butchering helpless animals.

Medical students obtain some of their operating technique through experiments on live animals. Perhaps some anti-vivisectionist would like to become the first patient of a student who has no idea about the human body except what has come out of a text book. Perhaps, instead of a poor, defenseless dog, he would like to offer his body to be used for research.

Since the anti-vivisectionists have begun their campaign, the mechanical heart has been discovered. Through the study of the mechanics of animal hearts, this great saver of human lives has been developed. Can anyone claim that it is useless or merciless?

Anti-vivisectionists should not and must not come into power if this human race is to continue progressing. All the years of progress can suddenly end by the stroke of the pen. No more would medicine advance, if anti-vivisectionists are allowed to pass their law.

* * *

When I was in elementary school, I delighted in hiking down the railroad track that makes its way through my hometown. There would usually be three of us, balancing hesitantly across the well-tarred railroad ties as we wandered on farther and farther away from the small village. An occasional snake slithered across our never-ending trail, and a bewildered weasel or muskrat scurried out of the way of our eager little troupe. We paused now and then to feast on the delicious wild strawberries growing along the steep siding or to gather purple tipped stalks of asparagus there. We were intrigued by the dainty Indian beads and other sparkling bits of stone our meager excavations revealed. Hutcheson's pond created a mild sensation, too, as we meandered by. We amused ourselves by teasing the white-faced cattle that were wading or standing idly in the depths of its cool water and oozing mud in search of refreshment from the blistering heat of the noonday. As for our destination, we didn't have any in particular, except maybe the well-filled cemetery which provided the necessary atmosphere for our lunch if nothing else. In case we were overtaken by boredom, we could always hurdle tombstones or scale the walls of the ivy-covered mausoleum.—CAMILLE KIRCHNER, 101

Rhet as Writ

General McArthur was posthumourously awarded the Medal of Honor then he went to the Philippines.

* * *

In order to be of the marring kind, I believe, a man has to be born with the love of children and the opposite sex in him.

* * *

The girl I marry will have to have a broad and balanced background.

* * *

He was faced with the situation of becoming a father. This problem grew and grew.

* * *

If the White Sox continue to play such good ball, the Cubs will have to take a hind seat in the fan's eye.

* * *

When I was in the sixth grade, my Mother decided that it was time for me to become a more wordly woman.

* * *

More than ever before in the history of our world we need a capable leader to guide our way from the terrible war, which might be just around the corner.

* * *

An hour passed and all was quiet except for the munching of the cookies.

* * *

It is more honorable to teach school than to make money.

* * *

He (Keats) was very sickly and died at an early age. These factors greatly curtailed his writing.

* * *

We must tell the girl friend how nice she looks tonight when we all know she stinks.